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Edited by Sir John Hammerton

FOURPENCE WEEKLY

THE NAVY TO THE RESCUE. Not long since a merchant ship was attacked in the Atlantic by a German U-boat. When the torpedo struck, an S O S was picked up by one of our destroyers, which raced to the scene. Abandoning their doomed ship (seen in the background), the merchant sailors on a raft, and in two lifeboats, are nearing safety. Saved from death, they ask only to serve again.

Photo, "Daily Mirror," Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

The Way of the War

AFTER TWO YEARS: A WORD TO THE WISHFUL

BY THE EDITOR

As the second anniversary of the outbreak of the War will have passed before our next number appears, the occasion suggests some reflections prompted mainly by a recent sojourn at a certain English Spa where I had the refreshment of meeting a number of my compatriots whose opinions on the War startled me in their complete detachment from what I regard as reality.

WHAT shall I say of an R.A.F. officer who wore the rings of a Wing Commander but only in a nominal way, as he has never flown a plane and joined the service at the age of fifty in a strictly technical capacity? A most valuable man, mind you. He looked to an early end of the War—possibly this year, certainly next. Of a retired colonel with distinguished service and "Poona" experience, who expected the whole business to be over by next Christmas? A sturdy optimist from Glasgow, who has done worthy work in the real spirit of national service, open to wager a large sum that 1942 would see the collapse of Nazism. What of him? And of several dear old ladies who were "figuring" (as the Americans say) on returning to their evacuated homes at Eastbourne, Folkestone and St. Margaret's Bay "in the Spring"?

WELL, I fear they all wrote me down a dismal pessimist, little knowing that I am one of the real optimists: those, who, having faced the stark, staring, staggering facts, decide to march on, chin up. In this I take my cue from no less a person than our heaven-sent Prime Minister, without whose splendid energy and gift of expression I hate to think where we should find ourselves.

NO man alive could have guessed beforehand what was going to happen in these two years. As the scroll of the War unrolls it is easier to hazard a guess at the succeeding chapters of its history, though the ultimate and most crucial not even its most prescient student can forecast. But we have seen enough in the past six months to prepare us for events of early happening such as we only vaguely dreamed of when our imagination was running riot fifteen months ago.

JAPAN (still licking her greedy chops after the jackal meal of Indo-China) might be in the War up to the neck before these words can get into type; Vichy France will be an active and shameful partner of the Hun possibly as soon or sooner; certainly ere long Spain will be ripe—if not already rotten—as an adjunct of Nazi Europe; Portugal might be overrun by Hunnish hordes and have to move her loyal government to the Azores; eventually the U.S. must fight, and fight even more thoroughly than they have forged "the tools" for us; South America will have to do far more than suppress Nazi agents in her ten republics: Thailand, Turkey, Egypt, Iraq, Arabia may all have to take up arms somehow—and soon. Even that valiant race of neutrals inhabiting the adjacent land of Eire may not for ever elude the maelstrom! Do I exaggerate? Make a careful study of the Nazi conquests before answering.

WHAT has Germany done? In two years she has subjugated Poland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden (don't tell me that tricky country is else than Nazi-dominated), and all the Baltic lands (excepting only Russia), Holland, Belgium, France (and much of the French Empire by implication), Bulgaria, Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Greece . . . are there any others? Yes, Italy, and her comic-opera "kingdoms" on the Adriatic, while Spain (with Portugal to follow) is already in Hitler's pocket.

JUST think of that, ye wishful thinkers. And do please forget about next Christmas, or the one after, as a time for "the best wishes of the season" and goodbye to the Nazis for ever! Go on believing, if you like—and I would not dissuade you except as to your dating of the event—in the collapse of Germany from within. Until that takes place there can be no end to the War, but it can take place only when every German, with the exception of the small liberal and communistic elements that are already anti-Hitler, has been convinced that the War is not going to be a paying business. The millions of Germans who will eventually welcome the Allied armies when they march into Berlin and occupy all the great cities of Hunland, are hoping for Britain's collapse before American aid and Russian resistance can prove effective. The very Jews of Germany would as readily bow the knee to a victorious Hitler today and take a chance under Nazidom as wait to welcome—and they assuredly will—the triumph of the Allies.

NOW, none of this, I insist, is pessimism. It is an unperturbed facing of discernible facts. Don't tell me this vast conquest of Europe, achieved in so large a measure by the connivance of the defeatist French, can be brought to naught in a few months, or a year or so. It cannot; despite our own rapidly growing strength and the solid achievements with which we have offset our earlier losses. All the theorizing one reads about Germany's hunger for oil and metals and grain notwithstanding. I assert, at the end of two years of war, that we are in for a Long War to which these two years are but the opening chapters. And before it ends the profoundest changes will take place in the economic and social life of Britain and every country fighting alongside Britain for the freedom of mankind.

SO thinking, I would urge upon every reader the need to orient his life in accordance with the new conditions in which he will have to live it. To cease chattering about an early end to it all. To contemplate in all seriousness the possibilities of having to live for years to come, if not in conditions of actual, active hostilities, at least in a state of war, the end of which few of the older generation will survive to see, and which will potently affect the lives of the younger generation to their last days.

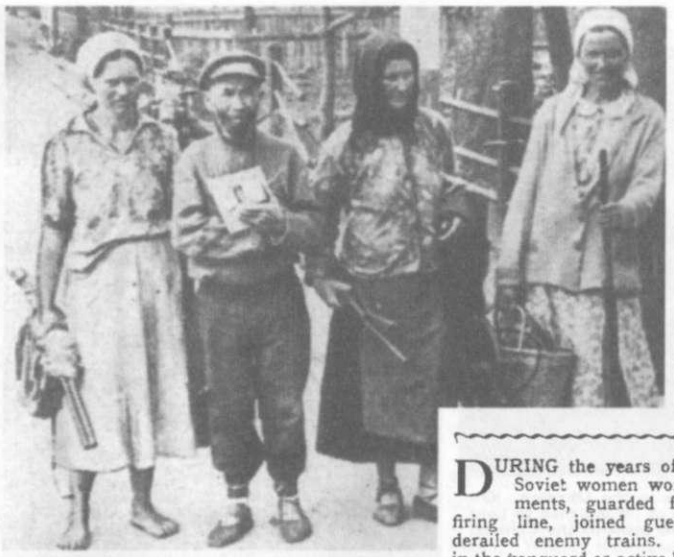
ABOVE all, my reading of the situation demands an unceasing sacrifice from each one of us to help the Allied war effort, so that, although "we are still very far from winning the War," as Mr. Duff Cooper frankly announced on his arrival in America the other day, the cause of freedom—the right to determine the conditions of our own lives apart from State compulsion, concentration camps and subservience to a breed of official bullies—will prevail, and the War and the Peace shall eventually be won.

BUT certainly that won't be by next Christmas, nor next Spring; possibly next Autumn, or perhaps the following Christmas; but more probably the succeeding winter will at least see the beginning of the end. All which implies for us a tightening of the belt, a gritting of the teeth, and a deep resolve to "finish the job." And as I am no pessimist, but a firm believer in our eventual victory, my slogan is "once more unto the breach, dear friends!"

J. A. HAMMERTON

VIGIL IN ENGLAND. Whatever the course of the great battle that is raging on the Russian plains, Britain remains as the chief and ultimate objective of Hitler's hatred. As Mr. Churchill warned us on July 29, "The invasion season is at hand. . . . We have to reckon on a gambler's desperation . . . If we fall all fall together." *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

Soviet Women Have Their Place in the Vanguard



Every individual of both sexes and all ages in Russia are standing up to the Nazis. Of this group of guerilla fighters, captured by the Germans, three are women.

Wives of the commanders of a Soviet air unit refilling machine-gun belts. Housewives everywhere have left their kitchens and gone into the war factories.

DURING the years of the Russian Civil War Soviet women worked in first-aid detachments, guarded factories, fought in the firing line, joined guerilla detachments, and derailed enemy trains. Today they are again in the vanguard as active helpers of their husbands, sons and brothers in the war for the defence of the fatherland.

Housewives are entering war factories to take the place of their menfolk, and are showing a high standard of skill and production. Women are daily achieving new records in many trades. More than a hundred women, formerly housewives, are now working in coal mines. Women are also giving an excellent account of themselves in metallurgical work. At the Lenin Metallurgical Plant women are doing the work of assistant blacksmiths very efficiently.

IN the Moscow region alone the Trade Unions have organized during the last few days 177 groups of Red Cross nurses and 250 groups of volunteer Red Cross detachments, in which approximately 20,000 women, drawn from 350 enterprises, are studying in their spare time. The wives of Soviet scientists, artists, teachers, and all sections of the intelligentsia are training to be nurses. Many women have volunteered for blood transfusion. Others are organizing the dispatch of comforts for the troops both at the front and in the hospitals. The women members of the A.R.P. services have already displayed exceptional courage during enemy air raids, both in fire-fighting squads and night patrols.

***Klavdia Nikolayeva**, leading Russian woman Trade Unionist and Secretary of the Soviet Central Council of the Trade Unions in Moscow.*

Comrades-in-arms, this Russian soldier and his girl fought side by side until taken prisoner by the Germans. Like the Amazons of old, many Russian women are taking a militant part in the war.

A lathe-operative can be as useful as a tank-driver in the mechanized war, and many thousands of Russian women, employed as typists and clerks, have turned to making munitions and other specialized work in the war factories. Here is one who was lately a warehouse keeper applying her hand and brain in the great cause of humanity against Hitlerism.

A group of Russian nurses, having just arrived at a forward position on the east front, are receiving final instructions. Note how their keenness is reflected on their faces.

Photos, Associated Press, British Official, Keystone

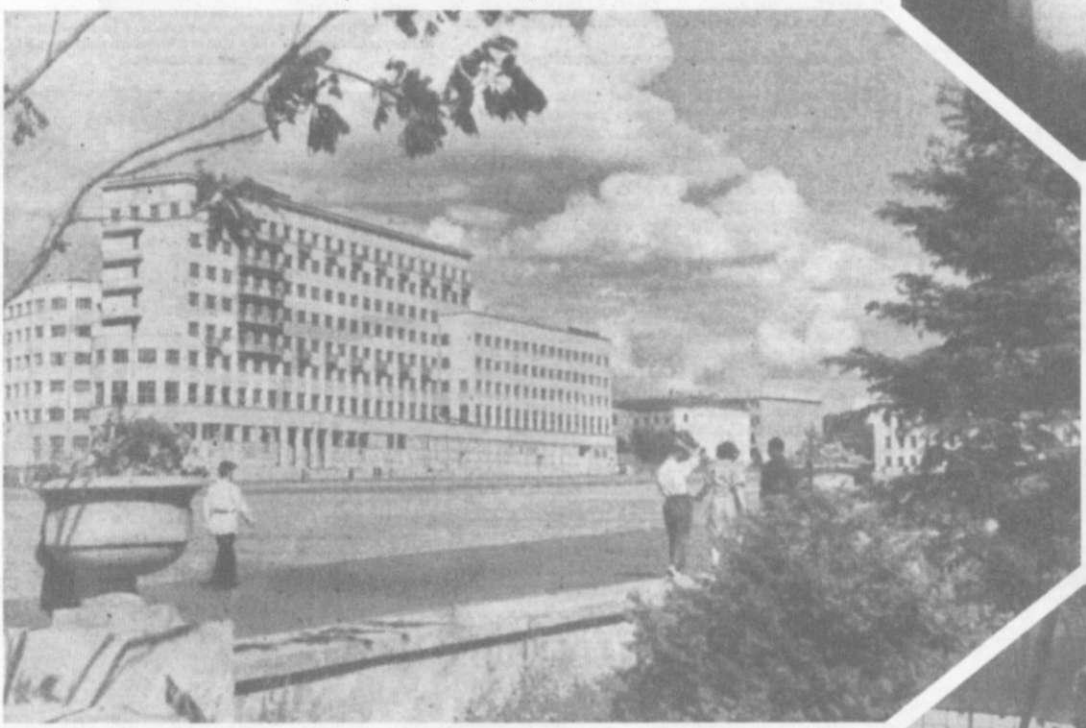
To Have or to Hold These, Millions Fight

ODESSA, Russian Black Sea port, is a prime objective of the Nazi drive in the Ukraine. On August 14 it was stated that Marshal Budenny had left behind him a force of 100,000 men to hold the fortress and naval base of Odessa, and thereby block the German rush towards the Crimea. This photo shows the City Hall.

Russian coalminers (above) of the Donetz basin, another of Hitler's elusive prizes, descending a pit. In the lower part of the Donetz river, a tributary of the Don, there are extensive coal beds which have helped greatly in the industrialization of the Soviets.

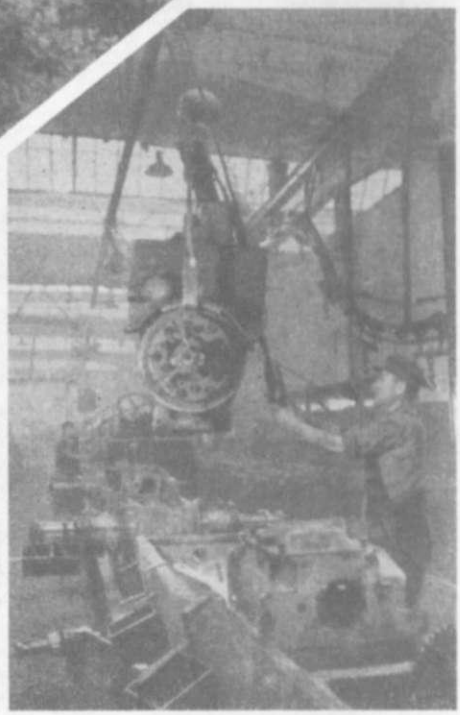
Beneath : tractor parts being placed on a conveyor at the Ordzhonikidze works in the Caucasus. The fine quality and immense number of Russian tanks are inherent in the mass-production of tractors turned out specially to deal with vast areas of agricultural land.

Photos, Planet News, and E.N.A.



KHARKOV (above) showing the Dzerzhinsky Square, with a magnificent tenement building. Kharkov, industrial centre of the Ukraine, has been almost entirely rebuilt, of recent years, and is now a most progressive city.

KIEV (below) capital of the Ukraine. On the right bank of the Dnieper, 280 miles above Odessa, it is an important rail centre and air station, and the Nazis have been making desperate efforts to capture it.



This Is the Ukraine That Hitler Wants

In the Ukraine, Russia's south-western republic, a tremendous battle is raging as Marshal von Rundstedt strives to defeat—still more important, to annihilate—the opposing armies of Marshal Budenny. Below we give some facts concerning the appearance of this vast country, its agriculture and industries, and of the people who now at Stalin's call are converting the fair and fruitful countryside into a scorched desert.

ONLY Hitler knows why he ordered the attack on Russia. One of the reasons, however, was almost certainly that he wished to secure for the German Reich the riches of the Ukraine.

Hitler's greed is understandable enough. The Ukraine is a country worth many a sacrifice to win. With its 170,000 square miles it is considerably larger than Italy, about the same size as Sweden, and not much smaller than the Germany in which Hitler rose to supreme power. For the most part it is one great plain—just made for tanks, as the German generals must oftentimes have remarked. "It is so flat," Mr. I. Macdonald, Diplomatic Correspondent of "The Times," has written in that journal, "that the ripening cornfields seem merely like the gilt frame to a picture that is all blue sky and pearly cloud. Most of the hills, where there are hills, rise and fall hardly more than Piccadilly and the Haymarket. . . . The Ukraine has its larches, willows and birches, signs to the traveller that he is coming to a village. But mainly there is only the great plain, fenceless, hard under foot, with the wind shaking the barley, and the cattle—Friesians by the look of them—standing knee-deep and glum in a millennial feast of sweet pasture."

For centuries the Ukrainian steppes have been the happy hunting ground of the Cossack horsemen; for centuries, too, the land has been amongst Europe's most productive farmlands. Some 40 million of its acres lie in the Black Earth region, that is, they are covered by a thick layer, 18 inches to four and a half feet in depth, of black humus or leaf-mould, which is infinitely fertile. Here are grown immense crops of rye and barley and oats, sugar beet, potatoes, sunflowers, flax, maize, even tobacco and cotton. Before 1918 over half the land—and that the best—was in the hands of the large landowners, monasteries and *Kulaks*, but these were swept away long ago. The old-fashioned strip system of cultivation has been abandoned and practically all the farming is now done collectively. Mr. Macdonald has told how great has been the change brought about by the years of collectivization. The picture he draws is one of an up-to-date agricultural economy. He describes how each peasant family in their log cabin have hens and rabbits and their own cabbage patch, from which they sell the produce in Kiev market. "The men were healthy and the women happy, asking about the latest fashions in London and slimming exercises. Of an evening we sat in the orchard where the crab apples were dropping like bright red beads through the sunlight . . ."

Times without number the Ukraine has been called the granary of Russia. It is still *a* granary, although it is no longer *the* granary that it once was, since of recent years other regions of the U.S.S.R. have forged ahead in agricultural development. But, even so, the Ukraine produces about a quarter of Russia's total grain production.

To be really up to date we should describe the Ukraine as Russia's South Wales. In the Donetz Basin, the "Donbass," it possesses one of the largest coalfields in Europe, with resources, so it is estimated, of 55,000,000,000 tons, and an annual production of 67,000,000 tons. Large deposits of iron ore are being worked near Krivoi Rog, and the Dnieper has been harnessed to oduce electrical power; the power-station at Dnieproges is one of the largest in the world. Manganese deposits are worked at Nikopol.

Kramatorsk has great machine-building plants. Kharkov produces machine-tools and tractors by the tens of thousands. Voroshilovgrad is famed for locomotives. Kiev is earning new renown today as an industrial centre. At Zaporozhie special steels are made. Today the Ukraine produces about 80 per cent of the coal mined in the Soviet Union, 70 per cent of its pig-iron, 50 per cent of its steel, more than 60 per cent of its iron ores, 70 per cent of its agricultural machinery, 72 per cent of its aluminium, and 35 per cent of its manganese.

And the people? They number just over 30 millions, of whom the great majority are described as Ukrainians; the minorities are Jews, Germans, Greeks, Armenians, Poles, White Russians, and many others. They are all citizens of the Ukrainian Socialist Soviet Republic, which is one of the eleven republics constituting the U.S.S.R.

The Ukraine, towards which the new German offensive is aimed, is shown shaded on this map of S.E. Europe. By mid-August the Russians were on the line of the Dnieper.

UKRAINE'S HARVEST, threatened by the German invasion, is now, thanks to the stubborn resistance of the Red Army, being safely garnered. Above, reaping machines on a collective farm. Left, a Ukrainian "partisan" ready to defend his wheatlands. *Photos, Associated Press and E.N.A.*

Thailand May Soon Become a Battlefield

For generations, Thailand—or Siam, as it was called until 1939—has been in a backwater, remote from the full stream of world politics. Now, however, following Japan's virtual occupation of the neighbouring French colony of Indo-China, it is on the verge of the war zone, and may itself soon become a victim of Japan's aggression. An account of its recent "war" with Indo-China has been given in page 354 of Volume 4 of "The War Illustrated."

VERY surprised were most people at the vehement tone of a broadcast made from Bangkok on August 10. The Thailanders (or Siamese) have been generally regarded, and with reason, as an essentially gentle folk, light-hearted and easy-going, the very personification of kindliness. But one would not think so from this radio declaration. Here is what the announcer said:

"The Thai forces will not yield an inch of territory. They will use every possible means of annihilating the enemy. They will fight to the last drop of blood, and will adopt even the scorched earth policy and, if need be, gas. The Thai will die to the last man rather than surrender their freedom. If we have to retreat, we must burn our houses and destroy everything—food and communications, even the crops in the fields, leaving nothing to the enemy. Any invader who succeeds in over-running Thailand will find only the vast cemetery of the Thai nation."

Thai means "the free people," and the Thailanders call their country *Muang Thai*, the land of the free. They pride themselves on their independence; indeed, they are amongst the very few peoples of Asia who has succeeded in retaining their sovereign status. Up to a few years ago, Europeans enjoyed "extra-territorial" privileges in the kingdom of Siam as they once did in China, but these have now been given up, and by a series of treaties negotiated with Britain, America, France, Japan, Germany, and the rest, Thailand has regained her full autonomy. About the same time Siam's absolute monarchy was abolished, and under the constitution granted by King Prajadhipok in 1932 supreme power belongs to the nation, while the legislative power is exercised by the King, with the advice and consent of the People's Representatives, half of whose members are nominated by the King and the other half elected by the votes of all men and women over 20 years of age. The actual government of the state is exercised by the State Council of 14 to 24 members—the majority of whom are chosen by the King from the Assembly. The present King is Ananda Mahidol, a boy of 16, who succeeded to the throne on the abdication of his uncle, Prajadhipok; during his minority a Council of Regency has the conduct of affairs. The Prime Minister—he is also Minister of Defence, Foreign Affairs, and the Interior—is Luang Bipul Songgram.

A boat in Thailand laden with rice sheaves taking the crop to a central threshing ground. On the bank are women peasant harvesters waiting to be ferried across the river. *Photo Black Star*

JAPANESE machine-gunners in action somewhere in the Far East. For over four years the Japanese have been waging war in China, and victory still eludes them. A million soldiers have been made into casualties, but peace and prosperity return not to the land of the Rising Sun. Far from it, indeed, since Japan's war lords, involving themselves deeper and deeper in schemes of aggression, would appear to be determined to enlarge the area of conflict.

IN BANGKOK, Thailand, a young Thai passes by the monument to the Constitution commemorating the overthrow of the absolute monarchy on June 24, 1932. Formerly Siam, the country has revived the original nomenclature, Muang Thai, the land of the free. "Thailanders will die rather than surrender to any invader," said their premier on August 10. *Photos, Black Star & Natori, Tokyo*

Thailand has an area of over 200,000 square miles, and is thus almost as big as France and a little bigger than Spain. In the north it is mountainous, and the precipitous thickly-forested slopes should present almost insuperable difficulties to an invader coming, as the Japanese might be expected to come, from Indo-China. The only lines of advance would be along the deep river gorges. In the east is an extensive low-lying plain, sandy and almost barren, subject to floods in the rainy season and to drought in the dry. The heart of the kingdom is the great alluvial plain which slopes down to the Gulf of Siam. Then finally there is a narrow strip of territory in the Malay Peninsula, separating Burma from the Malay States. At its narrowest point, the Kra Isthmus, the Japanese (so it has been reported at intervals for years past) have had in mind the construction of a canal which, when completed, would largely deprive Singapore of its present commercial and strategical importance.

In this country of mountain jungle and fertile plain some 15 million people have their homes. Most of them are Siamese and Laos, but there are about half a million Chinese—in their hands much of the country's trade is concentrated—and numbers of Malays, Cambodians, Burmese Indians, Annamites, and so on. The great majority are peasants, living in the most primitive circumstances. Their needs are few, and those few are easily satisfied. The staple food is rice, which is grown easily enough on the great mud expanses. It is supplemented by fish and sometimes by meat.

The houses are huts, made of poles and brushwood generally built on the edge of

Japan's Militarists Still Greedy for Conquest

THE FAR EASTERN ARENA of war and possible war can be studied in this comprehensive map showing in solid black Japan and her island of Formosa and Japanese territory on the mainland—Manchukuo and Korea. Japan also occupies the tract of China indicated in dark shading now being administered by the puppet government at Nanking. To the south, French Indo-China has recently come under Japanese control, and Thailand is threatened. At a glance we see how far Japan's dream of Asia for the Asiatics has progressed since she became empire-conscious. Her latest moves are a threat to British and American interests in Malaya, the Philippines, and other Pacific positions.

By Courtesy of "The Sphere"

a stream, into which the refuse is most conveniently dropped through a hole in the floor. The principal garment of the Thailanders, both male and female, is the one-piece *panoong*, which is passed round the body. But in the towns men may be found wearing coats of European cut and soft felt hats, and the ladies of the upper class—there are not many of them—go in for blouses, silk stockings and high-heeled shoes, sometimes even skirts in place of the *panoong*. Polygamy is permitted, but few men can afford more than one wife. Slavery has not been completely abolished, but there is no system of rigid caste as in India, so that low birth is no bar to advancement. Nor are there any hereditary titles.

In the nineties of last century it seemed likely that Siam would be incorporated by the French in their colonial empire in the Orient, but in 1896 Siamese independence was guaranteed by both France and Britain. Now her independence is threatened afresh, but this time it is Japan who is the menace—Japan, who having established bases and secured aerodromes in Indo-China, is believed to be striving to obtain similar facilities in Thailand, with a view to hostile action against the British in Burma and Malaya, and against Chiang Kai-shek's China to the north.

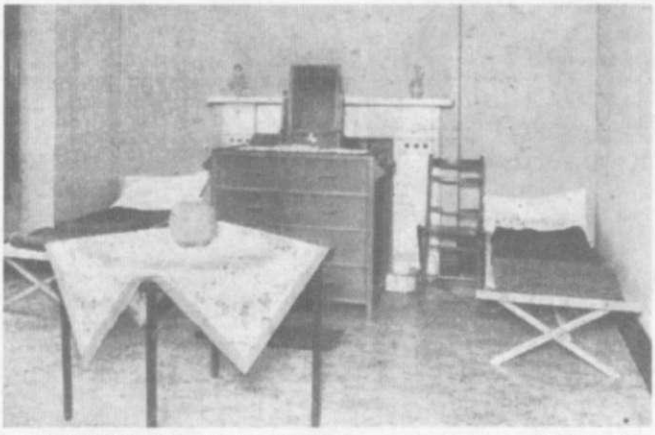
On August 6 Mr. Eden stated that any Japanese move against Thailand must inevitably give rise to a most serious situation, while Mr. Cordell Hull declared that it would be a step menacing American security. On which Thailand remarked through Bangkok radio that both Britain and Japan had pledged their word to respect Thailand's integrity, and that Thailand trusted both. It added "Thailand is quite strong enough to protect herself, and has no need for any other nation to come to protect her."

But how far Thailand's brave words could be maintained in deed is open to conjecture. Her army consists, so it is reported, of some 50,000 men; she has a tiny air force; and a navy chiefly composed of small craft, several of which were sunk or damaged by the French in the brief hostilities of January.

Our Searchlight on the War

RAIDERS OVER BERLIN AND MOSCOW

DURING the night of August 7 the Russian Air Force bombed Berlin—or at least its outskirts—for the first time. This achievement was said to have been one of the greatest operational feats of the present war, for the raid was undertaken from bases and in conditions which made the flight even more difficult than it is for the R.A.F. Moscow was reticent about the damage done ; in fact, the first news that the raid had taken place came from Berlin itself. Germany's night attacks on Moscow have failed in their aim to reduce the Russian capital to a second Warsaw, for very few of the enemy planes have been able to evade the city's interception system. Moscow is equipped with the newest detector device, an American invention based on the use of high-frequency wireless waves, which makes it possible for enemy aircraft to be located with exactness, despite darkness and fog, at a distance of 50-60 miles. This early warning of their approach allows time for fighters to intercept the raiders. Any that get through have to meet A.A. gunfire made devastatingly accurate by the technical perfection of the detector.



NEW HOMES for the bombed out are now being supplied by the Ministry of Health. Here is a typical bedroom-suite, neat and serviceable, consisting of two camp-beds, chest of drawers, table, etc. The full equipment numbers 43 articles. *Photo, L.N.A.*

FRANCE GOES FASCIST

IN a broadcast on August 12 Marshal Pétain announced twelve new measures which impose on France what is virtually a Fascist constitution. By these all political activities are forbidden, the powers of the police are doubled and those of the regional prefects strengthened, all secret societies are to be destroyed, sanctions will be taken against Freemasons holding Government or public positions, and a Council of Political Justice is created to speed up the trial of men said to be responsible for the national disaster. The announcement of this programme followed the appointment of Admiral Darlan, already Vice-Premier and Foreign Minister, as head of the new Ministry of National and Empire Defence. He is now in supreme control of all naval, air and land forces.

SOCIETY HOSTESS'S WAR MEDAL

MARSHAL PETAIN has awarded the Croix de Guerre to Mrs. James Corrigan, widow of the American steel magnate, who, in pre-war years, entertained in London and Paris on a princely scale. When war broke out she was in Paris, and at once threw herself into work for the troops. She became the "marraine" of the 110th Regiment, and herself supplied and packed most of the comforts for the men, as well as for those of the 27th Tank Regiment, of which she was appointed Honorary Corporal. When France collapsed she went to Vichy, and from here provided and personally delivered comforts of all kinds to soldiers in neighbouring camps. When the dollar was blocked she set about selling her jewelry and other valuables, in order to be able to stay and continue her efforts on behalf of the soldiers and their stricken families.

BRITISH STILL FIGHTING IN GREECE

FROM the mountain caves in which they live side by side with bands of unsubdued Cretans, about a thousand British soldiers and Marines are waging guerilla warfare against the Germans in occupation of the island. They were cut off from escape at the time of the evacuation ; their present chance of rescue or escape is small, but, rather than surrender, they snipe and ambush the Germans by day, raid their food supplies and stocks of ammunition by night, and in the caves, which are their home, lead the hardy but romantic existence of outlaws. Many Cretan families fled from the towns into the mountains to escape the German bombers, and amongst these some of the British have found brides, to whom they have been married by a priest in a cave now consecrated to worship. So apprehensive is the youthful Nazi garrison of these tough, desperate men that no attempt has been made to round them up in their mountain fastnesses.

G.H.Q. LIAISON REGIMENT

STARTING life as a very small unit in Belgium —where it began with the colonel who still commands it, one clerk and a motor-car—this new specialized force of the British Army forms a direct link between field formations and the Commander-in-Chief. In Flanders, where normal communications were being constantly wrecked by swift enemy assaults, it was found that the only way of sending news of a battle to French or British H.Q. was by means of a small motorized detachment. Even under less chaotic conditions this new direct delivery of dispatches saves an enormous amount of delay, and proved invaluable in Greece. As the essential qualities demanded are speed, both of mind and of action, all members of this unit are picked men, and include many expert rough-riders in motor-cycle trials. In addition, the regiment has a fleet of fast little cars equipped with wireless, and even small aircraft which are piloted by the men themselves. All members are trained in map-reading and in military observation. It is not surprising that the exciting, adventurous life attracts speed-lovers from nearly every regiment in the Army.

BRAVE INDIAN SEAMEN

AT a recent investiture at Buckingham Palace, King George presented British Empire Medals (Civil Division) to two out of four Indian seamen who were awarded them for displaying great gallantry when their respective ships were sunk by enemy action. Abdul Lotiff, 1st deck Tindal, employed by the Ellerman City Line, was serving in a ship which was torpedoed in April 1941. "With entire disregard for his own safety he remained with the Chief Officer assisting, until all passengers and crew were clear of the vessel and he was told to leave." Toraboola, an engine-room Serang, had served with the Ellerman Line for 25 years, and during the last war was torpedoed while in s.s. Katlamba. When again torpedoed in April 1941 he showed great devotion to duty, searched the bunkers for possibly disabled men, rescued an engine-room hand who was badly injured, and afterwards stayed at the emergency lighting plant until ordered to leave ship.

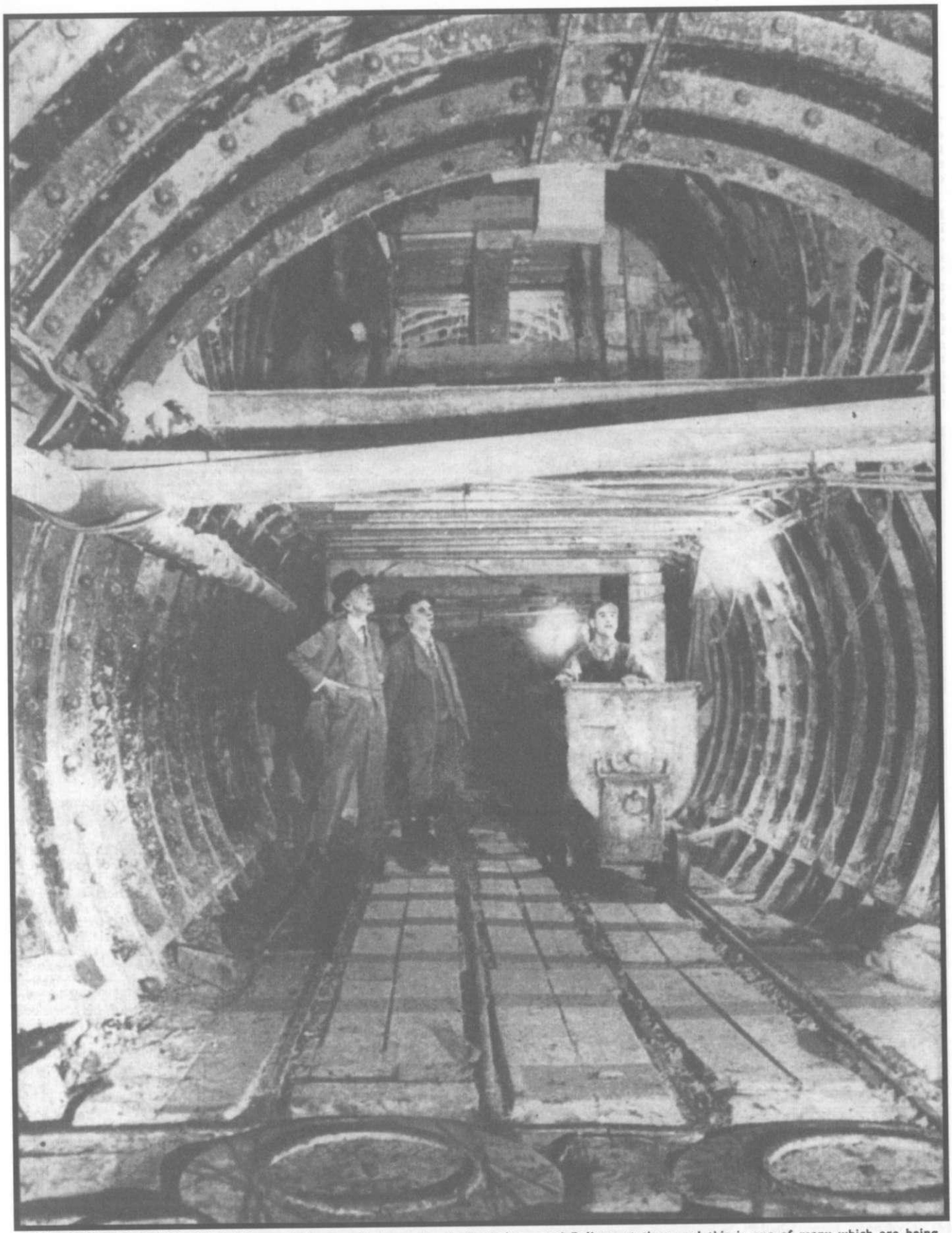
INDIAN HEROES of the Merchant Navy. Mr. Toraboola (right) and Mr. Abdul Lotiff, leaving Buckingham Palace after having received the Medal of the British Empire. *Photo, Planet News*

A YEAR'S SAVINGS IN A WEEK

A NEW form of War Weapons Week, devised by the Leatherhead and District War Savings Committee and since adapted for national use, has had striking results. Here each Savings Group in road, society, school or business firm runs its own War Weapons Week, aiming at saving enough to buy a particular weapon, such as a rifle (£7) or Bren gun (£50), which it has on show during the Week. In a 12 weeks' drive 144 Savings Groups in this district—which includes Ashtead, Bookham, Fetcham and Leatherhead—saved enough to equip a battalion. Their ordinary savings in one week would have amounted to only £770. They increased this to over £42,000, or over 54 times their normal—equal to more than a year's savings in a week.

BREN AND ANTI-TANK GUN demonstration in a timber yard at Great Bookham, Surrey, to members of the War Savings Group in the yard. It was hoped to provide £95 to purchase these two weapons, but so splendid was the response that this small Group raised £1,443 during its War Weapons Week—enough to buy 15 Brens and 15 anti-tank rifles. *Photo, Keystone*

New 'Tubes' Will Keep the Londoners Safe



DEEP UNDERGROUND SHELTERS are being tunnelled near London's Underground Railway stations, and this is one of many which are being made. The shelters will be divided into two storeys and bunks will be provided in each section. Each shelter, when finished, will accommodate some thousands of people, and admission will be by ticket, a large proportion of the accommodation being reserved for urgent cases, such as families bombed out of their homes. The shelter seen above will be finished and ready for use by November

Photo, Planet News

'Arabian Tales': Russia Ridicules the Nazi Claims

In a recent article (see page 58) we summarized the review of six weeks' war that emanated from the Fuehrer's headquarters on the Russian front on August 6. Four days later the Russians issued their reply, in which, as will be seen from the extracts quoted below, the German claims were exposed as absurd falsifications. All the same, by mid-August the Nazis had not been checked in their advance, and particularly in the Ukraine their thrust had assumed dangerous proportions.

Is there a Stalin Line? The Germans would seem to have no doubt of its existence. They have breached it time and again, in this place and in that. But the Russians—and they ought to know—maintain that no special Stalin Line exists, or ever has existed.

"German propaganda," said the Soviet Information Bureau in an announcement issued on August 18 under the heading, "Arabian Tales of the German High Command, or the First Six Weeks of the War," "while concealing from the German people the real losses of the German Army in the war against the U.S.S.R., feeds them on absurd lies. In its endeavour to explain the heavy losses suffered by the Germans, and the reason for their protracted marking time, German propaganda attempts to create a legend about the existence of a 'powerful, fortified Stalin Line.' It is to be noted that the Stalin Line appears wherever German troops encounter the stubborn resistance of the Red Army and suffer particularly heavy losses."

Of course, went on the announcement, the Soviet Government have created fortified points wherever they were deemed to be necessary, but these did not and do not constitute anything which may be described as a line. The enormous German losses are attributable not to the existence of a Stalin Line but to the fact that "The Red Army and the Soviet people are defending their native country with the greatest bravery and gallantry, and are transforming every inch of their native land into a fortified zone."

No less absurd, continued the statement, are the Nazi "estimates" of the number of prisoners taken and the amount of booty captured by the German Army on the eastern front. The German High Command has claimed that the Soviet losses during the first six weeks of the war were 895,000 prisoners, 13,145 armoured fighting vehicles, 10,388 guns, and 9,082 aeroplanes. "Here, Nazi propaganda has surpassed itself. The technique of these mendacious 'estimates' is as follows: after occupying a Soviet area, the Nazis immediately proceed to forcibly mobilize for all kinds of hard labour the entire population of peasants, Soviet workers, and women, or they drive them to the rear, declaring that they are prisoners of war. Certainly in this way one might count not only 895,000 prisoners of war, but very many more. . . ."

The same clumsy trick is resorted to by the German propaganda department when it publishes data about the number of war trophies captured—Soviet guns, tanks and aircraft. In concocting this data the Nazis apparently take first of all their own losses, add to this the Soviet losses, and then add to these extravagant figures any other number they care to think of.

Since Hitler's G.H.Q. has shirked giving the truth about these losses, the Soviet Information Bureau in Moscow is ready to fill the gap. "During six weeks of war, Fascist Germany has lost over a million and a half soldiers killed, wounded, and taken prisoners. These enormous losses account for the fact that the Germans are more and more often throwing into the battle soldiers of over 45 and youngsters of 17."

The Russian losses in killed, wounded and prisoners (the Russian statement goes on) amount to about 600,000 men. The Red Army has seized or destroyed over 6,000 German tanks; its own losses are about 5,000 tanks. The Red Army has captured or destroyed over 8,000 German guns as against a loss of about 7,000. The losses of the Germans in aircraft amount to over 6,000; the Red Air Force has lost about 4,000 aircraft.

So much for the Russian statement. But mendacious as their claims undoubtedly are, the Germans have made great progress in their invasion of Russia. The third offensive which was launched at the end of July carried the German armies well into the Ukraine. The Russian "front" at Belaya Tserkov, to the south-west of Kiev, was penetrated, and Marshal von Runstedt's troops swept down the corridor between the rivers Dnieper and Bug, so that the Russians on the southern sector of the Ukraine front were in imminent danger of being cut off. But Marshal Budenny is a masterly strategist, and he succeeded in extricating most of his divisions from the German trap, while leaving a considerable force to hold Odessa. The Germans claimed to have isolated Odessa and they succeeded in taking Nikolaev, but they did not succeed in their main object—the annihilation of the Russian armies in the Ukraine. Fighting tenaciously, Budenny withdrew his troops to take up fresh positions on the Dnieper; much valuable territory had to be abandoned in particular the great iron-producing region about Krivoi Rog. But still great Russian armies barred the way to Kharkov and the Donetz basin, vital centre of Russia's war production, and the as vital oil-producing region of the Caucasus. Elsewhere on the 1,500-mile front, the Germans were still pressing hard, but their progress was not so marked.

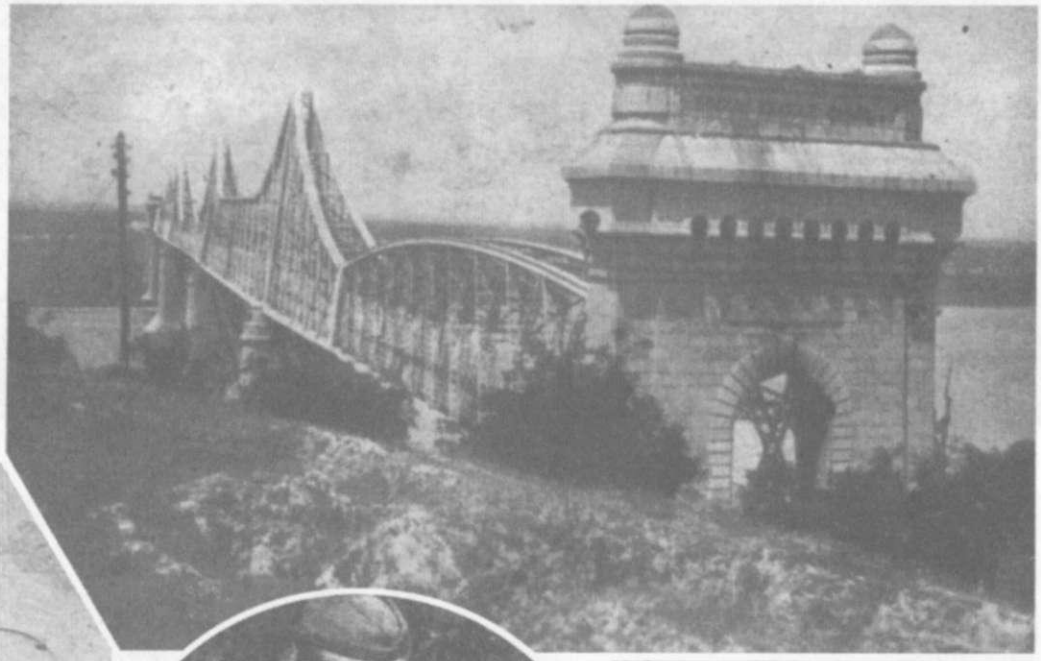
MARSHAL VON RUNDSTEDT, in charge of four Nazi armies operating in the Ukraine, commanded an army group in the Polish campaign and was responsible for breaking the Ardennes and Meuse lines in France.
Photo, Planet News

THE EASTERN FRONT after seven weeks of war. Though considerable, the German advances fell far short of what the Nazis had anticipated, and no break-through had been made.

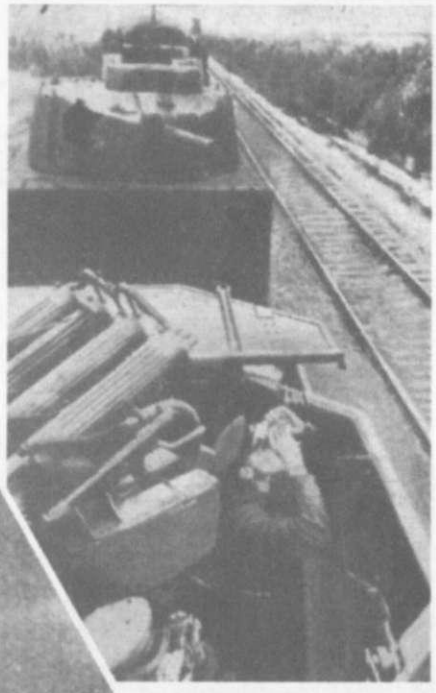
Here and There on the War's Eastern Front

KING CAROL BRIDGE across the Danube near Cernavoda is reported to have been destroyed by Soviet aircraft on August 11. About 60 planes under Comrade Kulikov took part in the attack and direct hits were scored, one huge span disappearing into the river. The entire railway communications with the Rumanian coastal areas were paralysed as a result, and a pipe-line which ran along the bridge was also broken.

In the German photograph below, two Russian soldiers are seen inspecting a giant statue of Lenin torn from its pedestal by Nazis.



This photograph, radioed direct from Moscow to London, shows a Red Army soldier lying in ambush with "Molotov cocktails"—bottles full of benzine—waiting to hurl them at an approaching Nazi tank.



RUSSIAN ARMOURED TRAIN moving up to the front. A soldier scans the sky, ready to turn his multiple machine-guns against hostile aircraft.

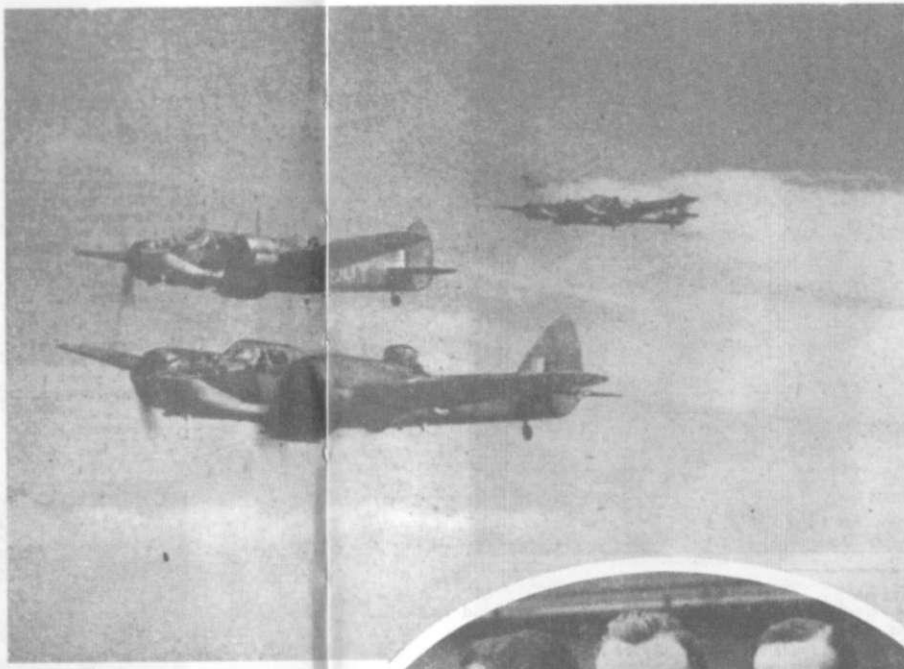
The end of a German raider, brought down by Soviet air defences. Russian soldiers and collective farmers stand by as the plane burns itself out.

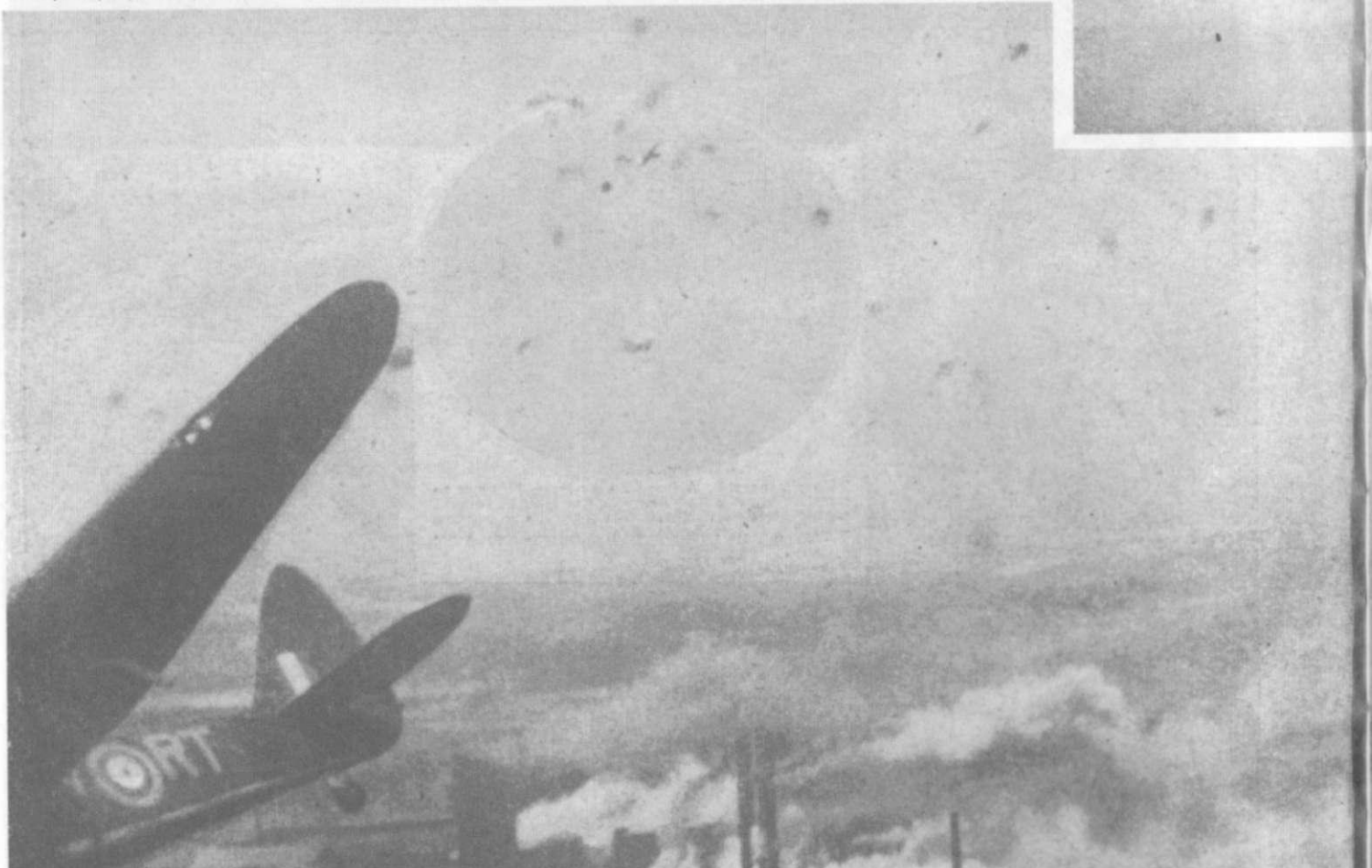
Photos, E.N.A., Associated Press, Planet News.

It Was 'Blenheims, Blenheims All the Way' When the R.A.F. Bombed G

Here are some of the men who bombed the power stations at Quadrath and Knapsack on August 12. The pilot on the extreme right of the photograph above went over the target at a height of only 30 feet. In the oval is the crew of one of the Blenheims. The pilot (left) is a 19-year-old Canadian.

Photos, "News Chronicle," Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED





THE great daylight raid of August 12 on the power stations of Quadrath and Knapsack, near Cologne, was one of the best organized raids in the history of the R.A.F.

Scores of Blenheim bombers, roaring low over fields and villages, often flying within fifty feet of the ground, dropped their bombs with precision right in the middle of the targets, leaving them, to quote the words of one pilot, "looking pretty sick."

The Blenheims flew in at a very low level to surprise the Germans and their tactics proved highly successful. A Canadian who took part in

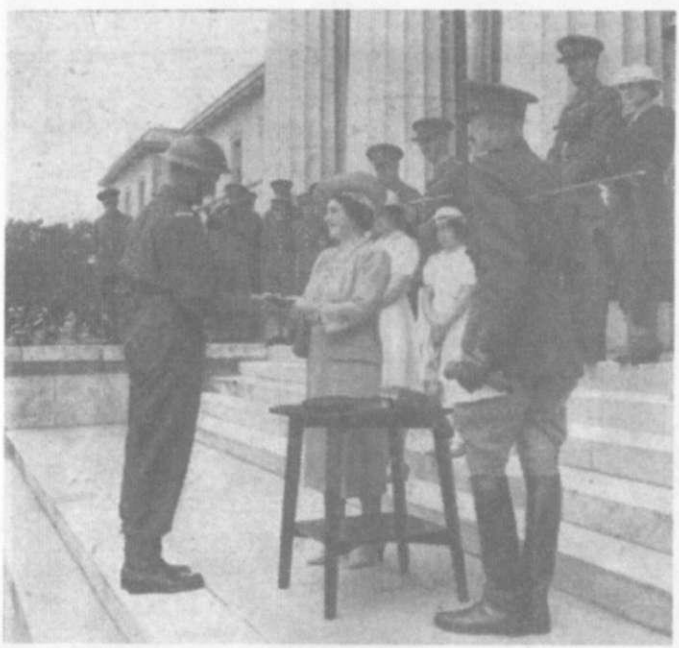
'Wherever I Go, Bright Eyes and Smiling Faces'

THEIR MAJESTIES IN BERMONDSEY, during a tour of East End air-raid shelters on August 1. Wherever the foul horrors of war have afflicted their people, they have, by their sympathy and by their own devotion to duty, cemented the bond between Crown and commoner.

WE, like yourselves, love peace, and have not devoted the years behind us to the planning of death and destruction . . . It is only now that we are beginning to marshal around us in their full strength the devotion and resources of our great British family of nations, which will in the end, please God, assuredly prevail.

Through these waiting months a heavy burden is being borne by our people. As I go among them I marvel at their unshakable constancy . . . Yet hardship has only steeled our hearts and strengthened our resolution. Wherever I go I see bright eyes and smiling faces, for though our road is stony and hard it is straight, and we know that we fight in a great cause.

It gives us strength to know that you have not been content to pass us by on the other side ; to us, in this time of our tribulation you have surely shown that compassion which has been for 2,000 years the mark of the good neighbour . . . To you tyranny is as hateful as it is to us ; to you the things for which we will fight to the death are no less sacred. To my mind, at any rate, your generosity is born of your conviction that we fight to save a cause which is yours no less than ours ; of your high resolve that, however great the cost and however long the struggle, justice and freedom, human dignity and kindness, shall not perish from the earth.—*From H.M. the Queen's broadcast to the Women of the United States, August* 10, 1941



H.M. THE QUEEN, accompanied by the two Princesses, presenting a miniature sword to the most efficient cadet (A. H. Taylor), after the "Passing Out" parade of a company of Sandhurst Cadets at Sandhurst College.

Accompanied by King George, the Queen passes through some of the worst of Hull's bombed areas. She has seen at first-hand what, in her broadcast, she termed "the bitter but also proud sorrow of war."

Photos, British Official : Crown Copyright ; "Daily Mirror"

See the Americans Made Welcome in Iceland

UNITED STATES MARINES in Iceland make friends with British soldiers amid the congenial surroundings of the ubiquitous Y.M.C.A. Right, American naval men chat with a member of the R.A.F. beneath the monument to Jon Sigurdsson, Iceland's national hero, in Reykjavik.

AT REYKJAVIK, capital of Iceland, some of the first Americans to land come ashore. The secret of the landing was well kept and was first publicly announced by President Roosevelt in a special message to Congress on July 7, 1941. In his message the President declared that the United States could not permit "the occupation by Germany of strategic outposts in the Atlantic to be used as air or naval bases for an eventual attack against the Western Hemisphere." The action was arranged in the most friendly way with the Icelandic Government.

Photos, Associated Press, L.N.A., Sport & General

Our Diary of the War

SUNDAY, AUG. 10, 1941 *708th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced that H.M. destroyer Defender had been sunk.

Air.—Day attacks on enemy shipping.

Russian Front.—Germans advanced nearer Kiev and threatened to turn the line of the Dniester. In north, Kexholm still in Russian hands and Karelian defences unbroken.

Soviet aircraft bombed Berlin by night. Moscow raided by German planes, five of which were destroyed.

Africa.—Post on outer perimeter of Tobruk routed Italian troops attacking by night.

On night of 9-10 R.A.F. attacked Bardia and Gazala.

Home.—During night bombs fell at a point in Scotland.

General.—The Queen broadcast to the women of America.

MONDAY, AUG. 11 *709th day*

Air.—R.A.F. made night raids on Ruhr towns of Krefeld, Rheydt and Munchen-Gladbach. Rotterdam docks also attacked.

Russian Front.—Moscow reports referred to fighting in Uman area, in Southern Ukraine. Germans claimed to have advanced to within 40 miles of Black Sea port of Nikolaiev.

German thrusts east of Lake Ladoga and in Estonia were halted.

Red Air Force destroyed important bridge over Danube, cutting communication between Bucharest and Black Sea ports. Night raid on Berlin.

Africa.—R.A.F. made very heavy attack on Benghazi during night of 10-11. Fleet Air Arm attacked Bardia and Tripoli.

Mediterranean.—R.A.F. bombed chemical works at Cotrone, S. Italy, and military buildings at Cariati. Enemy collier sunk off Lampedusa.

Fleet Air Arm sank ship in Syracuse harbour and bombed Gerbini aerodrome.

TUESDAY, AUG. 12 *710th day*

Air.—Heaviest day raid of war made by Blenheim and Fortress aircraft on Cologne power stations and other targets in N.W. Germany. Other forces attacked railways near St. Omer and power station at Gosnay. Fortress aircraft bombed aerodrome at De Kooy and port of Emden. We lost 12 bombers and 8 fighters.

Widespread night raids over Germany, main targets being objectives in Berlin, industries in Magdeburg and Hanover districts and Krupps works at Essen. Aerodromes in Holland and Le Havre also attacked.

Russian Front.—Main German effort concentrated in Ukraine in attempt to capture Donetz industrial area. Russians reported that fighting continued in Uman area. Lull on Finnish front.

Africa.—During night of 11-12 R.A.F. bombed Gazala, Bardia and Derna. Sustained raid on Tripoli harbour.

Home.—Few bombs fell in scattered night raids over Midlands and east of England.

France.—Admiral Darlan appointed head of new Ministry of National and Empire Defence.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 13 *711th day*

Russian Front.—Soviet High Command reported no important change on any front. German claim to have reached Black Sea and encircled Odessa not confirmed. Russians admitted that evacuation of Smolensk had taken place.

Africa.—During night of 12-13 R.A.F. bombed Bardia and Tripoli.

Mediterranean.—Fleet Air Arm bombed aerodromes at Catania and Gerbini.

Home.—Few bombs fell on N.E. coast.

THURSDAY, AUG. 14 *712th day*

Air.—R.A.F. made day attack on docks at Boulogne. Fourteen enemy fighters destroyed for five British.

Large forces of night bombers attacked Hanover, Brunswick and Magdeburg. Smaller raids on docks at Rotterdam and Boulogne. Supply ship off Frisian Islands left sinking.

Russian Front.—Moscow officially denied German claim to have encircled Odessa, and stated that there had been no important operations on any front.

Africa.—Heavy bombers attacked Tripoli. Tobruk patrol wiped out enemy strong point.

Mediterranean.—During night of 13-14 R.A.F. heavily bombed Corinth Canal. Heraklion aerodrome attacked.

Fleet Air Arm attacked submarine base at Augusta (Sicily) and barracks at Syracuse.

Home.—Night raiders dropped few bombs in north-east, east and Midlands.

General.—Announced that Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt had had a 3-day conference at sea, at which a joint declaration of peace aims was drawn up.

FRIDAY, AUG. 15 *713th day*

Russian Front.—Moscow reported stubborn fighting in four main regions of Kexholm, Staraya Russa, Smolensk and Estonia.

German High Command repeated that Odessa was encircled and iron ore centre of Krivoi Rog captured.

Africa.—Aerodromes of Berka and Benina and ports of Bardia and Benghazi bombed on night of 15-16.

Mediterranean.—R.A.F. attacked two tankers and two schooners, hitting all and probably sinking tankers.

Fleet Air Arm made night attack on convoy; two merchant vessels and one destroyer sunk, and another vessel damaged.

During nights of 14-15 and 15-16 R.A.F. heavily raided Catania, Sicily. Augusta harbour and aerodromes of Gerbini and Trapani also bombed.

SATURDAY, AUG. 16 *714th day*

Sea.—One German bomber destroyed and two damaged when they unsuccessfully attacked a British convoy.

Air.—During two daylight offensives R.A.F. bombed railways and aerodromes near St. Omer. Nineteen enemy fighters destroyed for four British. Fortress aircraft bombed Brest docks.

Main targets of night raids were Cologne, Düsseldorf and Duisburg. Docks at Rotterdam and Ostend also bombed.

Russian Front.—Soviet communiqué reported continued fighting all along front. Russians withdrawing east of R. Dnieper. Germans admitted large pockets of Russian resistance in southern Ukraine.

Finns claimed capture of Sortavala.

Mediterranean.—Night raids on Catania and Syracuse.

Home.—Night raiders dropped bombs in eastern and south-eastern areas. Enemy bomber shot down off S.W. coast.

General.—Stalin accepted proposal of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill to hold 3-Power conference at Moscow.

British and Soviet Governments signed trade agreement.

MOBILE POST OFFICES are among the new experiments now being tried out in order to overcome some of the difficulties resulting from heavy air raids. The object of the scheme is to provide postal facilities in any part of London where the local post office has been put out of commission through enemy action. Each of these post offices on wheels will have a staff of counter clerks, and messenger boys will be in attendance to take telegrams to the nearest telegraph office. The first, seen above, was opened experimentally in the City on August 6, 1941. *Photo, Topical*

They're Ready for War in Tropical Malaya

For Malaya's defence the anti-aircraft batteries of the peninsula, manned by British and Indian troops, have been constantly strengthened. Here are men of the Hong Kong-Singapore Royal Artillery.

Aid from the U.S.A. has been sent direct to Singapore under the Lease and Lend Bill. An American ship, which has just discharged war material, is seen with the Stars and Stripes on its hull.

JUNGLE WARFARE has been closely studied in the Malay Peninsula, and the fieldcraft is now of a high order. The R.A.S.C. in Malaya recruits almost entirely Asiatic drivers, Malays and Indians, for transport, and Asiatic dispatch riders are here seen making their way over the densely wooded country of the peninsula. In the circle is Lieut.-General A. E. Percival, British G.O.C. Malaya. He knows the country well, as he was G.S.O., First Grade, Malaya from 1936 to 1938. Gen. Percival was on the General Staff of the 1st Corps, B.E.F., from 1939 to 1940. *Photos British Official*

The Marines Fought Magnificently in Crete

Apart from their work on H.M. ships, Royal Marines are playing a great part on land in this war. Iceland and the Faroes were first occupied by Royal Marines; members of the Corps were in action in Norway; and at the Hook of Holland, Boulogne and Calais they covered the withdrawal of troops and demolition parties. Then they were in Crete, where of 2,000 nearly 1,100 failed to return. Here is the story of their gallant rearguard action. See also page 93.

THE Royal Marine Forces in Crete consisted of heavy and light anti-aircraft batteries, a searchlight battery and coast defence batteries for the defence of the naval base at Suda Bay and the aerodromes at Maleme and Heraklion. A signal company 200 strong also landed. Although specialist units, each man had his rifle, since it is customary in the Corps that the basic training should be that of infantry, and this includes, of course, training in the use of the rifle and bayonet. They were not, however, in the first instance organized infantry battalions.

After the main attack broke on May 20 the searchlight battery in the Suda Bay area was organized as an infantry battalion and put into the line south of Canea. The areas in which these troops were holding positions were in olive groves with small fields of fire, and the shortage of wire and digging tools had not enabled proper positions to be prepared. It is difficult to portray the situation at this period, when there was a complete absence of our own air support and formations of German bombers and fighters kept up a continuous "blitz" of the front and back areas, flying very low.

Worsting the Parachutists

By day, no movement of any sort was possible. Motor transport and dispatch riders were immediately shot up, and any area which showed any activity was "strafed." Communications were difficult to maintain, and all supplies had to be delivered to units by night. Two platoons of Royal Marines improvised from signallers and searchlight crews, gallantly led by Captain A. L. Laxton, distinguished themselves on this day by driving a large force of parachute troops out of a 3·7-in. gun position south of Canea which had been captured by the enemy.

Some of these small local actions required great courage and leadership, as in all cases the Germans were armed with Tommy guns, hand grenades and mortars, and when once they had taken up a defensive position were very difficult to dislodge, especially by troops armed only with a rifle.

The A.A. batteries, like those of the Army, were heavily strafed by low-flying aircraft during the whole attack and suffered corresponding casualties. The guns were in action in improvised sites up to the moment of withdrawal. At Maleme, where air-borne troops landed close to the A.A. batteries and drove the gun's crews from the guns, these crews remained to fight as infantry soldiers for the rest of the day and until they retired, when the position was evacuated. At Heraklion, where there were some light and heavy A.A. batteries, these guns had great success in the preliminary stages in shooting down German fighters and troop carriers. Later, when parachutists in large numbers were dropped near and in the gun positions, the detachments had to man their rifles, and succeeded in killing large numbers whilst still in the air. One Royal Marine manning a Lewis gun himself brought down two aircraft and killed many parachutists even before they reached the ground. The closeness of the fighting can be judged by the fact that the Royal Marine officer commanding this battery shot two Germans with his revolver.

In this area it is estimated that at least 2,000 parachute troops were definitely killed on the first day of the attack. In the later stages German reinforcements were dropped outside the main defences, and in one case surrounded an Australian patrol, who nevertheless fought their way back with the bayonet and brought in a large number of prisoners.

All these A.A. positions at Heraklion were successfully held until May 28, when all the troops, totalling 4,000, were evacuated by sea. During this period the enemy repeatedly attacked our positions both by air and from the ground, and on several occasions the Royal Marine A.A. guns were used in a direct fire role against ground troops. When the line broke in the Canea sector on May 26, the Royal Marine searchlight battalion near Mournies was the last battalion to remain in the line and marched out in good order. Thereafter the credit for the rearguard action belongs to the New Zealand and Australian units, who fought magnificently throughout.

'JOLLIES' from a British cruiser, typical of those who fought so magnificently in Crete, are here seen boarding a picket boat for a brief spell ashore. *Photo, Fox*

The outstanding incident in the Suda area at this time was a counter-attack at 11.30 hours on May 27, ending in a bayonet charge by Australian and Maori battalions which drove the Germans back a thousand yards and enabled other troops of the rearguard to disengage. It was not until Thursday, May 29, that reinforcements were required for the rearguard, and a Royal Marine battalion was organized from the remaining units and brought in the line. The enemy made a determined attack on the rearguard south of Imvros on May 30. Their advanced parties were brought under fire from several forward positions well in advance of the main rearguard position, and this still further delayed the enemy.

A company of Royal Marines under Lt. T. W. Retter was detached from the main rearguard to prevent the Germans working round the right flank of the main position. The quick deployment of this company frustrated the threat from this flank and caused many casualties. Contact with the main rearguard position was again made by the enemy later in the day, when a further attack was not pressed. From then onwards the Royal Marine battalion were in contact with the enemy and, with the Australian Infantry battalion, who had been in action throughout the rearguard operations, were the last to retire from the hills overlooking the beaches.

When the final order to withdraw to the beaches was given, the Royal Marine battalion was still under heavy machine-gun fire. Only twenty minutes' notice was given to withdraw. In order to distract the enemy's attention, so as to enable the main party to disengage from the action, a diversion was created by throwing grenades down a ravine in which it was known a force of the enemy had infiltrated. These grenades were set so that the full length of the fuse was used, and the grenades exploded amongst the enemy force down in the ravine. Long-range fire was also used to keep the enemy at a distance. This enabled the whole of the battalion to withdraw according to plan.

The terrain over which this rearguard fought was alpine in the extreme, and ill-suited for evacuation. There was only one road, which dropped from the top of the mountains about 2,000 feet high to a narrow plain below in a series of acute hairpins, the lower half of the road being unfinished and covered with loose road metal, coming to an abrupt end on the hillside about 500 feet above sea level. The plain below was of the roughest scrub and limestone, crossed only by a few ill-defined tracks. The supply of rations and water to the rearguard was of the utmost difficulty, and during the last two and a half days the force was on reduced rations.

It was unfortunate that the Royal Marines and Australians who held the rearguard positions to the end were unable to be re-embarked on the final night of the evacuation, but by their actions they enabled large numbers of British and Imperial troops to be successfully evacuated. This composite Royal Marine battalion, under the command of Major R. Garrett, consisted of the A.A. searchlight battery, parts of a heavy and light A.A. battery, two coast batteries and a number of signalmen. All these men had been trained in the use of a rifle and light machine-gun and gave a good account of themselves as an improvised infantry battalion. A senior officer present remarked that "they were a tribute to the versatility of the Corps." Thus ended the rearguard action in Crete—although in August there came stories that some of the men left behind were engaging in guerilla war against the Nazis. (See p. 80).

Great Traditions Maintained

The splendid achievements of the Royal Marines in Crete were recognized by Mr. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, in a speech on June 27. "I shall not readily forget," he said, "the thrill which I felt when the signal came from Crete, and I knew that the Royal Marines had again been chosen for a part of great danger. Once again they had maintained the great traditions of the Corps. They displayed remarkable courage, which enabled us to evacuate from Crete more troops than otherwise could have been done." Then General Wavell in a message to General Weston on May 31 said, "General Freyberg has told me how magnificently your Marines fought, and of your own grand work." (See page 671, vol. 4.)

Waiting for the Next Round in Libya

INDIAN REGIMENTS are still playing a splendid part in the forays of the Western Desert. Here Indian troops are seen on parade at an Indian reinforcement camp. Their drill is impeccable.

Desert post office where mail for the troops is being unloaded. The O.C. Army Postal Service has charge of 200 sub-post offices in the Western Desert.

A.R.P. IN THE DESERT. This notice is erected on the outskirts of Tobruk, where air raids are incessant. The red flag is hoisted because transport drivers and dispatch riders cannot always hear the noise of aircraft above the noise of their own engines.

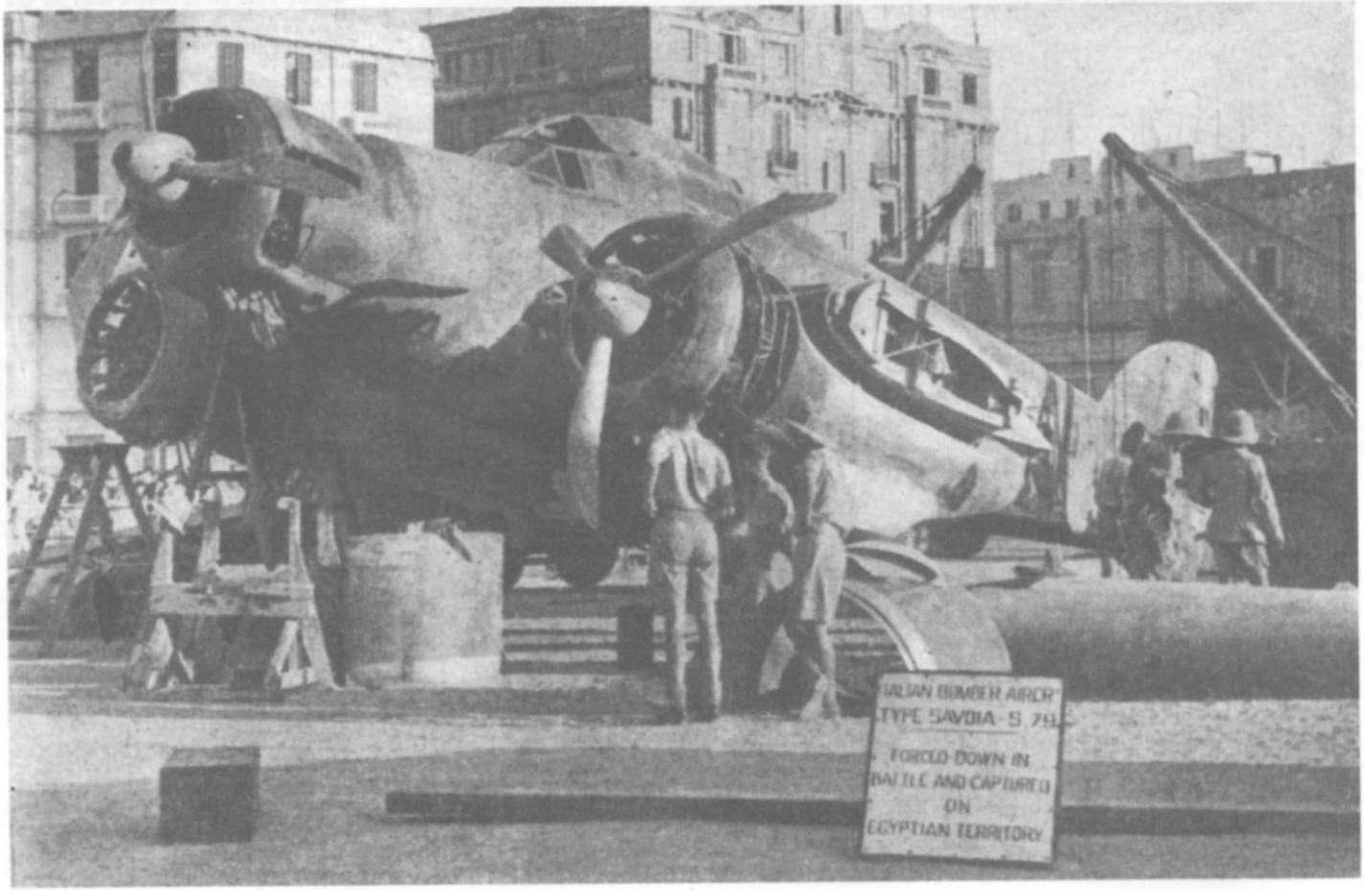
Circle, Gen. Ettore Bastico, Italy's new C.-in-C. in N. Africa and Governor of Libya in succession to Graziani. He commanded the Italian Volunteer Force in Spain in the Civil War.

"Tin Can Alley," right, leads to a small desert camp; without the lines of empty cans which mark the roadway, even the most experienced driver could easily get lost in an attempt to locate the site of the camp.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Sport & General

Bombs on Egypt: Alexandria's Worst Raid

ALEXANDRIA was heavily raided by Axis bombers on the night of June 7, 1941, the second severe raid on the city in four nights. Hundreds of civilians were killed or injured and considerable damage, some of which is seen above, was done in European and Arab residential quarters. Below, an Italian bomber, brought down by ground defences at Alexandria, is shown to the Egyptians. *Photos, Associated Press, Fox*



I Was There! .... Eye Witness Stories of the War

The Norwegians Gave Us the 'V' Signal

A sergeant-pilot from a Beaufort torpedo-bomber squadron of the R.A.F. Coastal Command broadcast the following account of a successful patrol off the Norwegian coast in August.

I KNEW I was going to have a good trip that morning. The Beaufort torpedo-bomber which I was piloting is called the Wreck . . . W-R-E-C-K. It is the aircraft which torpedoed a German pocket battleship a few weeks ago. Its own crew were on leave and I was told to take their Beaufort on Norwegian patrol.

It was still fairly dark when I climbed on board, and the flight across the North Sea was monotonous; we didn't see a thing until we made landfall at the extreme southern tip of Norway. It was daylight by then, and I turned and followed the coast for a minute or two. I could see for miles.

Then I spotted a ship in the distance, just off the Norwegian coast. I put the nose of the aircraft down, and as we dived on the ship I saw it was heavily loaded. There were crates stacked all over the deck and it looked a pretty good target. From mast height I laid a stick of bombs across the ship. I didn't see the bombs drop, but Mac, the rear-gunner, yelled over the inter-comm in a broad Scots accent—"There's one on the deck."

I banked and turned and saw the ship's crew climbing into their lifeboats. They couldn't get away fast enough. They just rowed like mad in the direction the boat's nose happened to be pointing. I let them get away. Then we shot up the vessel from stem to stern. Every gun on the plane let rip. After that we decided it was time to get on with our patrol. As we left the ship I saw it drifting on to the rocks, while its seamen were still rowing away like a boatrace crew. Then we flew farther along the coast.

Everything looked very quiet and peaceful in the early morning light. Suddenly I was deafened by a short yell from the rear turret. —"Messerschmitts"! Hard on the warning came the rattle of the rear-gunner's guns. There was one long burst of fire—then another excited yell from the turret—"I've got him! I've got him!" There was a short silence. Then came the news: "He's in the drink!" I heard the navigator ask where the other fighter was. "I don't know," Mac shouted back. "I can't see a damn thing. I think he's gone home!"

The whole incident was over in a few seconds. When I got the rear-gunner's warning I turned to port to make the Beaufort a more difficult target for Jerry. At that moment I saw a few tracer bullets whizz past over the wing, but that was all I saw of the scrap. The fighter had dived down on us from astern. The rear-gunner held fire until the German filled his wing sight—then he pressed the trigger. The Messerschmitt never pulled out of that dive. It plunged straight into the sea.

We weren't the only ones to have a good bag that morning. One of my companion Beauforts got a 1,500-ton oil tanker just off the north of us. This happened only minutes after Mac had shot down the Messerschmitt. The pilot dropped one of his bombs slap on the tanker and smoke and flames shot up. When the Beaufort flew away the crew was trying to beach the blazing ship. It won't carry any more oil for Hitler.

I must tell you of another interesting event which happened the same morning. During our patrol we flew over some Norwegian fishing smacks. My navigator picked up his signalling lamp and flashed the letter "V" in Morse. Down below I saw lamps winking back the answer—three dots and a dash. It was repeated several times—V for Victory.

Our 10-day Voyage from Crete to Sidi Barrani

Here, as a postscript to the story of the Royal Marines in Crete (see page 90), is the account of the hazardous escape to North Africa of 139 Marines and other units, told by Major R. Garrett.

THE Royal Marines in Crete fought until dusk on May 31, when, under cover of darkness, they were able to get to the beach of Sphakia Bay, on the south side of the island.

There they found men from many different units, as well as a boat which had two petrol engines and twin screws, but was like a flat-bottomed lighter built up with screens fore and aft.

Into this piled 139 men, Marines, Australians, New Zealanders, Maoris, Palestinians, Maltese, Military Police, and other Army details and Naval ratings.

Early on June 1 [said Major Garrett] I got away on one engine, the port screw being jammed by wire. We stopped at the little island of Podvopula, 20 miles south of Crete, where I had every conceivable container filled with water. For food we had bully beef and biscuits, but, not knowing how long we were going to be at sea, I restricted the rations to inch-and-a-half cubes of bully beef and half a biscuit twice a day.

With every drop of water we could load we only felt safe in issuing one-third of half a pint per man each 24 hours. It was enough to rinse the mouth every four hours.

Having cleared the port screw at Podvopula, we tried to put as much distance between ourselves and the enemy by using both engines. We had covered about 80 miles by June 2 when the petrol was exhausted from the port motor. Efforts to get it to fire while it was still hot on a fuel called Zieselite were ineffective. Then the starboard clutch began to slip so badly that recourse was had to sail—improvised from blankets sewn together with spun yarn.

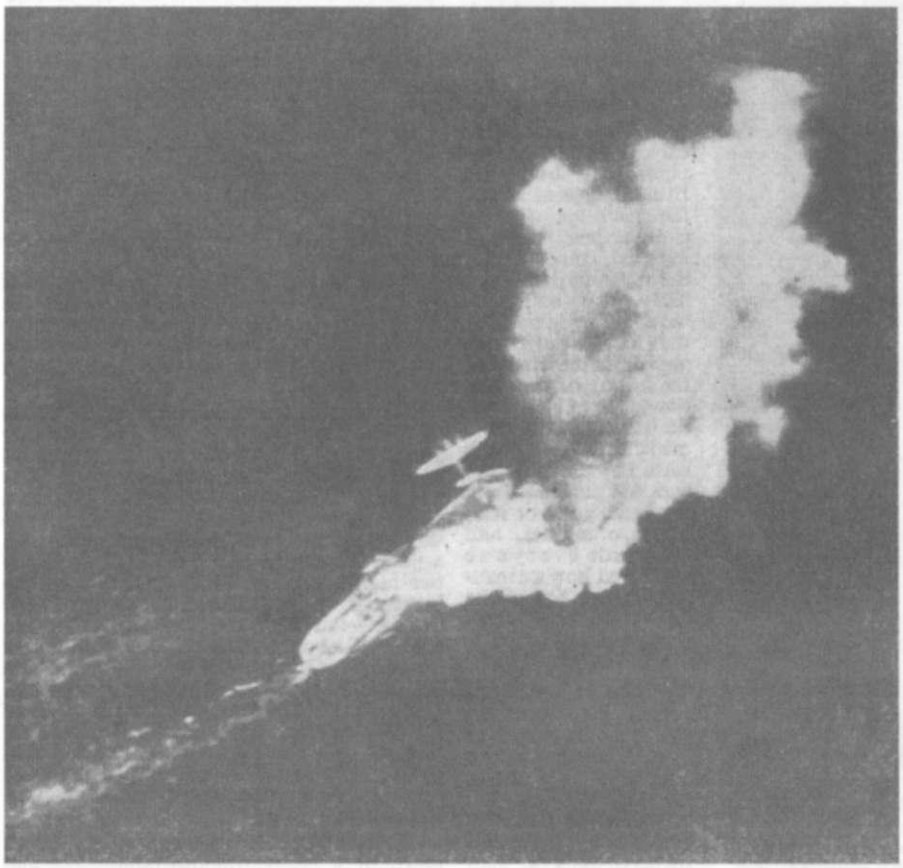
At this time we had a fair wind and we made about a knot, but later the vessel, flat-bottomed as she was and with this built-up stern, was the game of every puff.

Once she got off her course, neither rudders nor improvised oars would pull her back. So we had to send men over the side, and as they swam their combined efforts were able to push her stern round until we were on our course again.

Meantime, inside the boat exhausted men were labouring at the engines—because we had discovered that tins which were thought to contain water proved to contain eight gallons of petrol. We did not know whether we were glad or sorry, for our water position was then desperate.

Still, by bullying the mechanics, I fear, I managed to get the gearbox of the port engine put in place of the starboard unit, whose clutch was slipping. By the morning of June 5 we were completely out of petrol.

That day and the next we turned to make an improvised craft which would proceed



OFF NORWAY an R.A.F. bomber has just secured a direct hit on a 2,500-ton motor vessel. The plane came down to within 50 feet of the ship, and in the photo is seen rising to the left of the smoke. This photograph might well be of the incident described in this page.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

I WAS THERE!

more swiftly than our miserable 20 miles a day. First we tried a raft made of oil tins, but it was too buoyant, and threw the men off. Next day we rigged up a canvas canoe, but it would only hold one man—and all of us were too weak to risk being the one to be sent ahead in the canoe for aid.

Finally, on the 7th, we concentrated on making more sail with blankets, and rigging up some sort of jib. This left us bitterly cold at night. On the 8th two men died.

By this time we would all have died had we not rigged up apparatus for distilling sea water. This consisted of two petrol tins joined together with piping. We boiled sea water in one, using the hitherto despised Zieselite as fuel, and condensed the steam by wrapping wet towels round the pipe, so that it dripped pure water into the second tin.

Finally, we sighted land 12 miles off, and at 1.30 a.m. on the morning of June 10 landed west of Sidi Barrani.

Within a quarter of an hour two Maoris, by what they called "Maori instinct," discovered a well of fresh water. This enabled the crew to sustain a march of five miles. Then we were picked up by a unit of the Western Desert Army, and given a hot meal of bully beef and potatoes, which tasted wonderful. The disappointments of the journey included two occasions when they thought they were sighted by British aeroplanes.—"*Daily Mail.*"

ROYAL MARINES undergoing their arduous training with bayonet and gas-mask on the summit of obstacles.
Photo, Topical

It Seemed as if Our Whole Hospital Was Lifted Up

Badly wounded and shocked by a bomb explosion at the Royal Chest Hospital, City Road, London, the staff remained on duty until all the patients had been removed to safety. Their story is told by Miss Catherine McGovern, Assistant Matron, who, with Dr. Bathfield and Staff Sister Marmion, was awarded the George Medal.

It was between three and four in the morning. I was sitting in front of the fire with two Sisters in the board-room of the hospital on the ground floor. Dr. Bathfield [see page 160, Vol. 4] was standing talking to us. It was no night for bed; the Alarm had gone, we had heard bombs exploding, and were ready to receive casualties.

ROYAL CHEST HOSPITAL, City Road, London, after a raid in September 1940. Many of the staff and patients were wounded. The story of the bombing is told in this page by Miss McGovern, G.M., Assistant Matron, and is reproduced by permission from "Hospitals Under Fire," edited by G. C. Curnock (Allen & Unwin). (See also illus. page 325, Vol. 3.) *Photo, Planet News*

It came all of a sudden—it seemed as if the whole hospital was lifted up and would fall down on top of us. The blast threw us all in a heap. Electric cables, gas and water pipes were broken. Everything went black; the air was full of choking dust. The ceiling had come down; the walls and windows had come out. We were hit by everything that could move—the glass from the windows, the frames of the windows, the plaster from the walls, furniture and medicine bottles. There wasn't one of us who was not cut, mostly in the head, arms, or legs, and eye injuries, and afterwards everyone wondered how we managed to get out of the heap of stuff that poured on to us.

At first we didn't know what had happened. It was quite plain that the face of the hospital was blown out. I thought as I got to my feet, "What has happened upstairs?" There were also the maids to think of. They were sleeping on mattresses in the basement, and what a miraculous escape they had! That big bomb went straight down just in front of and under the main steps and exploded on its way. Those maids were brave; they came up the broken stairs bringing stretchers and the porters with them.

Dr. Bathfield was bleeding all the time from wounds in his face, but he thought only about the patients and how they could be taken out of their beds. Staff Sister Marmion [see page 620, Vol. 4], in charge of the men's ward, had a terrible time. Wounded as she was by glass, she first of all had to deal with a poor fellow who had lost his whole family two nights before. He went crazy when the bomb struck us, and, calling out, "It's finished—this isn't going to happen to me again!" he was making his way to throw himself from the great hole in the wall where the window had been, when Sister Marmion caught him. She thinks it was the sight of the blood streaming down her face that brought him back to his senses. He said to her, "Let me be. You look after the others," and then made his own way downstairs.

She then went to a man who was pinned down by a heavy window-frame. His legs had already been broken in another raid. She got him to put his arms around her neck, and so lifted him on to her back and

THE POETS & THE WAR

XLVIII

WINSTON CHURCHILL

By Lord Alfred Douglas

Not that of old I loved you over-much
Or followed your quick changes with great glee,
While through grim paths of harsh hostility
You fought your way, using the sword or crutch
To serve occasion. Yours it was to clutch
And lose again. Lacking the charity
Which looks behind the mask, I did not see
The immanent shadow of "the Winston touch."

Axe for embedded Evil's cancerous roots,
When the whole world was one vast funeral pyre,
Like genie smoke you rose, a giant form
Clothed with the Addisonian attributes
Of God-directed angel. Like your Sire
You rode the whirlwind and out-stormed the storm.—"*Daily Mail.*"

I WAS THERE!

carried him downstairs into the basement. As soon as they saw what had happened, the police and wardens came in to help us. Fortunately the building did not catch alight, but the business of getting the patients out of the beds and into the ambulances through all the darkness was not easy. No one knew what they might be stepping into or what might fall on them.

I felt I could not leave. The Matron was away, and I was in charge. The others felt the same. The police urged us to go with the patients for treatment. I suppose we were not a very pretty sight. I had seven wounds and was bleeding badly. While I was standing there, watching the last of the patients being carried out, the " All Clear " went. It seemed to me that that old devil of a Hitler was saying, " We've done our damnedest, you can go ! "—*From " Hospitals Under Fire," edited by G. C. Curnock, published by George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.*

We Put the Bombs Right on the Dot in Mannheim

Those readers who have seen the R.A.F. film " Target for Tonight " will remember the crew of the Wellington bomber " F for Freddie." Some of them took part in the big attack on Mannheim on July 5, and they tell their stories below.

THREE of the film crew—the first pilot, the Scots navigator, and the sergeant gunner with a shock of black hair—were together in one aircraft over Mannheim. Here is the story of the navigator :

We saw the coast and got a pin-point there. There was some anti-aircraft fire as we crossed the coast, but we soon left it behind. After that we flew through cloud. Then we came into perfectly clear weather, and from that point I just map-read the way to the target. It was so light that I didn't even need a light to read the print on the map. I could pick out the different colours of the fields below. We picked up the Rhine, but we didn't fly down the river because it was lined with searchlights.

When we started the run-up I could see the target all right, but when we had got half-way drifting cloud hid it. When we came out of cloud again I heard my pilot say, " there it is down below as clear as day." But by that time we had got past it, and over open field, so we did another circuit. This time we ran up into the moon, and you could see things on the ground more clearly. There were three cones of searchlights, each of about 30 lights. When I first saw them there was a bomber caught in each of the cones and the guns were filling the cones with flak, flying up into the apex. We ourselves got a clear run in and weren't attacked. I put the bombs right on the dot.

Then the searchlights caught us. The guns opened up and we started dodging and diving to avoid them. We came down to try to get away. There was a banging and rattling all round the aircraft. Shrapnel was hitting against the fuselage and in the rear of the Wellington there was a smell of cordite from exploding shells. We were held in the searchlights for four minutes ; then, when we got clear, the wireless operator shook everybody by calling up and saying, " Hello, captain, do you know the port engine's on fire ? " Apparently one of the pipes had been split and there was a sheet of flame a foot high which kept flickering out of the top of the cowling. It was rather like a big gas jet. The pilot just carried on, nursing the engine and not forcing it. After a time one forgot all about it. We ate our rations and made up our minds that if anything worse was going to happen it would have happened already. The flames were still coming out of the cowling when we landed, and they only went out when the engine was cut off. We counted 37 shrapnel holes in the aircraft afterwards.

The pilot of the new " F for Freddie " which has now replaced the one in the film was also over Mannheim. He said :

Over Germany the moon was so bright that you could see for 30 miles all round. I've never had a trip like it before. You could see the hedges and the roads, even the smallest streams and railway lines as well. We had been to Mannheim before. It was easy. We picked up the Rhine and then turned on to the target. There was an awful lot of light flak and a good deal of heavy. As we were bombing, my rear gunner told me there was a Hampden on our tail, keeping almost to the same course. At one time we counted at least twelve flares in the air and you could see that other bombers were at work farther away.

This " still " from the R.A.F. film " Target for Tonight " shows, smoking his pipe, the first pilot of the Wellington bomber, " F for Freddie," which is featured in the film. He took part in the big attack on Mannheim on July 5, and his story is told in this page.

We laid our bombs across the docks. Then, coming home, we gave the two gunners a night out. First we had a go at the railway station in a fair-sized town just west of Mannheim. We went down to 500 feet to wake the stationmaster up, and to give the gunners some exercise. There were three rows of trucks on the sidings and some warehouses beside them. We raked them with fire from both turrets. The station had a glass roof and we made a mess of it ; you could see the bullets smashing the glass. As soon as we began to fire the Germans started on us with pom-poms, so we thought we'd get along to the next place. We found some goods yards and warehouses in another town and machine-gunned them from 300 feet. There was no opposition at all there. All the time we were in Germany the gunners kept calling me up whenever they saw a town. " There's a likely-looking place, sir," they said, " there must be a railway station there." But we had to save some ammunition in case we met fighters, so after the second town we came quietly home.

The pilot of another bomber which attacked a large chemical factory at Ludwigshaven on the same night said :

We saw a great explosion, and enormous orange-red flames leaped up hundreds of feet into the air. My rear gunner said he could see the glow in the sky when we were a hundred miles away, and we only lost sight of it because we ran into cloud."

Siftings From the News

Road deaths in June numbered 618 ; raid fatalities were 399.

First all-Norwegian squadron of R.A.F. has been formed.

Bronze and silver Vs are being minted in S. Africa to be sold for benefit of war funds.

Food queues in Kettering ceased following official threat to prosecute those concerned.

W. H. Thompson, first-class boy in Navy, has been three times torpedoed and is now a war prisoner.

New Zealand sent £100,000 as further donation for relief of raid distress in Britain.

Wing Cmdr. Whitney Straight, American-born Hurricane pilot and former racing motorist, was shot down in the Channel.

At least 200,000 Paris engineering hands are stated to be working for Nazis by order of Vichy.

German casualties in killed, wounded and missing on the Russian fronts are now said to have passed the 1,000,000 mark.

U.S.A. Govt. order banning raw silk from civilian uses caused overwhelming rush by women to silk stocking counters.

Stated that German officers have orders to shoot all Russian prisoners except highly skilled workmen over 30 years of age.

Britain's tank output in July set up a record.

Sugar is to be rationed in Eire on basis of 1 lb. per head per week.

First batch of 2,000 Italian prisoners of war arrived in Britain to undertake land work.

One million barrels of Nova Scotian apples will be dried for export to Britain.

Total casualties to date in Australian Imperial Force are : killed, 1,194 ; wounded and missing, 11,345.

Coupon-free cheese, made from ewes' milk, sold readily at Market Harborough at 4/- a pound.

One of the biggest convoys ever to cross the Atlantic reached Britain safely, the only peril encountered being fog.

Dr. Karl Boemer, German Press chief and confidant of Goebbels, was arrested for " indiscretion " about Russia.

Ministry of Food advocates building of emergency " backyard cookers " which can be made from scrap materials.

Famous American luxury yacht Nourmahal, which cost £200,000, is being lent for use as a weather station in the Atlantic.

To hoodwink the R.A.F., Germans have cut avenues and " squares," dotted by faint blue lights, in woods outside Berlin.

The Editor's Postscript

WE are now into our V Volume! And if all goes well it should be the best of the series. I have had a "dummy" bound up and am satisfied that one volume can comfortably contain thirty-six parts, so that our subscribers who are binding the loose numbers will have only one volume to bind at the end of twelve months—an economy which I hope they will appreciate. The current issue went to press before we could adequately deal with that truly dynamic episode of this year—the Anglo-American meeting off the coast of Britain's oldest colony: Newfoundland. In our next number a fine selection of the official photographs recording this never-to-be-forgotten event will form its main pictorial feature.

"THE Eight Points" will resound in history to better purpose than Wilson's "Fourteen," yet I have never been excessively anxious about "War aims." If a thug is trying to bash my features while I defend myself at my own door, behind which there is something he desires for himself, I don't begin to ask myself what are the ideals for which I am defending my abode, or nicely to distinguish between Christian, Moslem, or Pagan ideals before I start bashing back, lest I might have to admit with one of W. W. Jacobs's old salts: "There you are now, my fatal beauty spoiled at last!" We can do with less talk about our war aims so as not to divert our attention from the winning of the War. It is enough to know that we are fighting to prevent ourselves from being downed.

BUT I will admit that there will be lots of ideals to strive for after we've settled with the thugs. Social honesty, for one. Nineteen hundred years of Christian teaching has done astonishingly little to eliminate dishonesty in social relationships. Already I have given some striking examples of this. Here is another. A Glasgow friend has just told me that in a certain "service club" in that "no mean city," where social workers have been labouring devotedly to help the members of the services that are to stand between us and annihilation, it was arranged to supply good hot baths and the use of soap and towels to the men at the nominal cost of twopence. Result: an average of two dozen towels and cakes of soap borrowed (I had nearly written "stolen") every week. Scottish caution has been equal to the occasion, however, by making each man pay eighteenpence on receiving his towel and soap and refunding fifteenpence to him when these are returned. The borrowing habit has been cured and one penny per head added to the amount received for the excellent service provided.

WITH Cardinal Newman, "I do not ask to see the distant scene," and the winning of the War will be "one step enough for me" . . . and for all of us. That a new order of social life will have to be fashioned, nobody outside of our enlarging mental homes will deny, but all those who are urging the definition of the new order while we are in the thick of our fight against another new order, which has been only too clearly defined by its originators, are not helping us to attain even so much as that one step that is essential: those who are two-stepping it to Bertie Bonehead and His Boys are quite as serviceable at the moment. They are at least keeping a light heart, without which there will be no standing up to the renewed assaults upon our morale with the lengthening nights that are coming all too soon.

AND this reminds me that, travelling in the Hull train a few days ago, I was regaled with the most hair-raising account of the last blitz on that city by one of its citizens. I shall not repeat the figures of the killed (which were up to the highest I have heard of Glasgow, Plymouth, Bristol or Coventry), but I am not surprised to read in a local daily paper that "a scheme to stop gossip by the prompt publication of air-raid casualty figures in Hull is to be prepared by the town clerk and medical officer of health." The Lord Mayor of the town stated that "the death-roll is nothing like the figure quoted by the rumour-mongers, who do great disservice to the community." But who's to blame? Those in high places who have decided to withhold details from the press and lump the casualties for the month. My view is that the cold, stark facts are never so terrifying as the rumour-swollen figures suggest. If we cannot stand up to the truth we are far less likely to stand up to rumour. Every reporter knows that the commonest accident assumes the most formidable proportions until he has investigated it. What a man on the perimeter of a crowd will tell you has no relationship whatever to what a man at the centre of the crowd can see.

A BOOK society to which I subscribe sent me a "choice" volume just as I went off on my brief holiday. It is by an author of repute none of whose limited writings I had read: Richard Hughes. It is entitled "In Hazard," a phrase that means no more to me now that I have read the book than it did before. I thought I had struck something new, moving, great, after I had read a few pages and regretted that I had not read the author's earlier work, "A High Wind in Jamaica." I have never been so caught by the description of a modern steamship: the soul of the ship analysed and laid bare, as it were, vivid, instinct with the actuality of truth, so I read on and on as the description of a terrific hurricane was developed . . . until I got seasick of ship and hurricane and didn't care a bean what happened to either.

BUT why do authors who don't know the Scots language attempt to write it? There are passages in "In Hazard" that are laughably grotesque; as grotesque as if I had attempted to write a line or two of colloquial German, knowing mighty little of the mother tongue. I ask my Scottish readers to listen to this:

"Weel, noo. Are we to tak' it that a human Chreestian is compoondit o' three pairts: his body, his min', an' his speerit?" . . . "The body dees, the speerit leeves?" . . .

"Than whit o' the min'? That's nayther speerit nor body. Yet it's vera boont up wi' the body. A disease o' the body can disease the min'. A blow on the body can blot oot the min'. The min', like the body, graws auld an' decays. The daith o' the body, than, is that the daith o' the min' tae?"

"Allooin' it be," said MacDonald.

"Than the future life canna be of a vera pairsonal nature, A'm thinkin'; it is a saft, imbecile sort o' thing ma speerit would be wi'oot ma min'."

NEVER have I heard a Scot speak like that. Nor can I approve Mr. Hughes when he makes MacDonald say of the Chinese, "They dinna min' daith, whit way a whit' mon min's it." Although every Englishman may think so, no Scot ever, ever said "mon" for "man" ("mun" would be an approximation) nor "whit way" (which implies a question) when he would surely have said "th' wey," and when I read "In the Next Worrld Man (not Mon this time) casts Reason, Mr. Soutar, as I tau'd ye," I can neither accept the needless capitals nor "tau'd" for told; tell'd or telt would have passed. The whole phrase is absurd to any Scotsman. I'm sure that all the interesting and fascinating things Mr. Hughes tells me about a ship in a hurricane are truer to life than his "Scotch" is to the Scots with which I am familiar. Apropos of this, I had to point out many years ago to my old friend F. Frankfort Moore when he attempted some Scottish dialogue (which ought to have come easy to an Ulster man) in one of his many popular novels, that "Laird" is not the Scots equivalent of "Lord." He had written "By the Laird I hae ye the noo." Which being English would read "By the Squire I have you now."

JOHN CARPENTER HOUSE.
WHITEFRIARS. LONDON. E.C.4.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

CONTINUED pressure of War conditions involves a change in our publishing dates as the only alternative to further curtailment of circulation. To comply with the latest restrictions of the Paper Control and continue weekly publication, it would be necessary either to reduce still further the contents of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED or to disappoint many thousands of readers by limiting the number issued.

The Editor and his publishers are of opinion that in its present form THE WAR ILLUSTRATED represents the minimum of contents necessary for a well-balanced picture-record of the War and as such it should be maintained. Of its original very large circle of readers there must be upwards of 100,000 who, to the great regret of the publishers, have been unable to get it on account of the reduced quantities printed in accordance with the paper quota officially permitted from time to time.

The only way to retain its present very important circulation and so to avoid further disappointment for would-be readers, is to modify the number of issues each month. Beginning with No. 105, which will be published on Wednesday, September 10, THE WAR ILLUSTRATED will thereafter appear on the 10th, 20th and 30th of each month. These dates have been fixed as easiest to remember, involving a minimum of confusion to distributors and readers alike. When the 10th falls upon a Sunday our periodical will be on sale everywhere on the preceding Saturday, and in certain districts, where transport facilities permit, it will usually be obtainable on the day preceding the date which the issue bears.

The Editor will be glad, therefore, if his readers will make a note of this new arrangement, and he hopes they will appreciate that it has been decided upon with a view to disappointing none of the present subscribers or involving regular readers in the loss or occasional breaking of the continuity of interest so essential to the intelligent unfolding of the story of the War.

It is assumed, of course, that every reader has already given a firm order to his newsagent to deliver or reserve each successive number of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED for him, but please make a note that on the 10th, 20th and 30th of each month (naturally excepting February, when it will appear on the 28th) our publication should either be delivered by your newsagent or reserved for you.

No. 105 will be published Wednesday, Sept. 10th

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